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Earth broke before the humans did

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The Universe is cruel and thoughtless. The ones that inhabit an endless void can become no different than the natural order of how the planes of existence deem to form. When a new species is introduced to the galactic community, there is a process to how the typical actions can play out, and it always ends up becoming skewed depending on who finds them first.

Enslavement, trading partners, protectors...many of these actions have occurred for fledgling races from senior species. On rare occasions, a new race is able to brute force their way into the gazing eyes of the universe and gain either devout admiration or fearful glances. For Humanity...a permanent mistake was committed.

Due to the actions of a single race, the Gavaraki, who believed themselves to be above the collective and disobeyed the established workings of the Galactic Community, attacked the Human's mother planet with the sole intent of dominating them. The opposite ended up occurring and the lesser-prepared species won out, at a cost.

An utter devastation of land and life upon the once-blue planet. The planet earth broke before the humans ever did, when even their sky sundered to the bleak space, the lights of their ensuing combat against their adversaries grew stronger. With their population at an all-time low, the remnants of humanity had reverse engineered and salvaged the payloads of technology left by the ones that attacked them, and committed to going off-world with ire and vengeance. Before the Galactic Coalition of Celestial Bodies could offer any sort of input, it turned into an extended battle where whatever remained of Humanity were now giving their former aggressors hell on their own world.

After feigning ignorance and pleading for the assistance of their allies, more alien species got involved with the conflict in a fit of confusion and blind trust. This action compounded the situation where humanity believed that they were truly alone against the cruel universe. To the aliens assisting the Gavaraki, they lacked enough information to understand anything past the assumption that the humans were the aggressors. Thus, the Gavaraki allies joined in camaraderie, and in righteous fury.

It helped little in the fact that due to the Gavaraki not adhering to first contact rules, no information in regards to human languages were ever properly translated; at least, none that could be offered at the time by other elements involved with past human interactions. Even if we tried to amend anything, even if we attempted to surrender, it would all be futile, as we would all be put to the blade.

Their tactics were modern, and methods primitive. No matter what human tribe it was, they did more than just survive in their enemies' backyard; they thrived. Clashing cultures of humanity, divided by language barriers, but united in bitterness and spite. Even though the Gavaraki had done combat with the humans, they never properly informed their allies about their true

capabilities; simply, to cover up the fact they instigated the ordeal. Soon after the combined alien alliance began their military operations, they realized that it was unlike anything they have ever experienced.

Stories from all theaters and campaigns spread vigorously from the-now burning skies of Farae to the two moons smashing against Darsa to absurd legends of the "Red Bird" that devoured fleets. Regardless, news of the events signified that the humans were bringing in absolute mutual destruction. They instilled fear unlike any greenhorn or veteran had ever experienced before. Reinforcing the plunge of morale, we never knew how many humans there actually were, and even though our sources had bits and pieces of their language, everyone mutually understood that humanity comprehended there were too many xenos; thus they had no qualms about accidental friendly fire.

An ultimatum was enacted by the Galactic Coalition of Celestial Bodies for the humans. With the acknowledgment that the Gavarakis are entirely at fault for what has transpired, they would be held accountable for their foolishness and pride. The issue remained on what to do about humans. Due to the widespread propaganda and news of humanity's singular mindset of pure ripping and tearing of an entire alliance of alien militaries, they were remarkably feared; held in disdain; dehumanized in the face of an entire endless entropy. Even though it was announced that the Gavarakis were the ones responsible for the endless war, news fell on fearful ears and roaring cries for blood.

The ultimatum for humans...to appease the masses...absolute genocide of what remained of their species. An authorized purging was commenced, an act that hadn't been approved for centuries. In spite of all the advancements done since then, humanity was much more persistent than the last purged subject.

An endless campaign of warfare that began with an onslaught that destroyed a planet, resulted in a grueling 30 years. 30 years where humanity played a game of attrition and the greatest display of guerilla warfare to bleed us dry. Up until we stopped getting reports of casualties on our side. That was genuinely the coalition's only reliable source of information to determine if humanity disappeared from the stars.

We recovered reports of the remaining human's last stand at Drun, which climaxed with them employing a neutron bomb on their own position. It ensued a pyrrhic victory, for the brave men and women at that battle either died now or later, succumbing to the slow agony of neutron radiation poisoning, or they simply got wiped out from existence.

In the aftermath of the well-fought campaigns, the society we held high was met with difficulties recovering from the human conflicts. The land we purchased with blood, the seas that were tainted with all manners of toxins, the moons that became orbital bombardments and the unholy war crimes committed on all fronts, by all species, even against each other. The trial for the Gavarakis went under the radar and quietly bypassed the emotional storm of a bloody victory.

To refer to humans as deathworlders, as monsters, is simplifying and dishonoring their impact on our history, and ignoring our own past. It ignores the truths and methods of their madness. It perpetuates and dehumanizes what made humanity fascinating

as a species. As with everything, conspiracies arose in time in future observations of our greatest foe. How, it was theorized other aliens have helped out the humans to ensure they did the maximum damage extent possible. How, it should have been impossible for a single fledging species to trouble some of the greatest military powers our civilization has ever developed. How, the humans had the collective willpower to seemingly bend the impossible feats seen in the old tales of mythos into reality. In regards to all the conspiracy, even if some of it were true, is the same sort of mindset that destroyed entire armies. They refuse to respect the enemy, thus, they are driven by their own bias.

It also does not alleviate the sin of how poorly the debacle was handled by all parties.

The universe is cruel and thoughtless. It ignores all of our plights as mortals, and it gives just as it takes. From what I know now about the human spirit, is that, like the universal concept of life itself, they find a way.

They always do.

When the universe believed themselves to be at peace, a poem was sung on a singular circuit.

"I heard a song at daybreak, So honey-sweet and clear, The essence of all joyous things Seemed mingling in its cheer."

On one of the universal channels of communication, the words barged in and had priority over all else. A crackling voice, disoriented, and calm. A lost echo in the night beyond.

"The frosty world about me I searched with eager gaze, But all was slumber-bound and wrapped In violet-tinted haze."

Those who recognized the language, even a little, collectively panicked and went on full battlestations. Both military and civilian communications networks scrambled to figure out where the signal came from. For those who knew, it was the most terrifying poem they hoped to never hear again.

"Then suddenly a sunbeam Shot slanting o'er the hill, And once again from out the sky I heard that honied trill."

The first human vessel to attack the heart of the Galvaraki. The First Red Bird; They named themselves so, the first humans to throw themselves at the remnants of the defending militaries. The vessel that never fell. The ship that endured like the humans, except the vessel was never confirmed to have been felled; only lost.

"And there upon a poplar, Poised at its topmost height, I saw a little singer clad In scarlet plumage bright."

An unusual song that was played prior to the first attack. Even when translated, no one particularly knew it's meaning. They could try all they want, but only the humans knew why they played it. Even then, those that survived suddenly relapsed into trauma. Reportedly, they kept shuddering and screeching about "The Red Bird" and "Ghost Ship".

"The poplar branches quivered, By dawn winds lightly blown, And like a breeze-swept poppy-flower The red-bird rocked and shone."

Only after a group effort of figuring out the signal did the galactic mind open in horror. The signal did not come from the ruins of Earth; the deepest abyss of space; nor even the final resting place of humanity. The answer was simply...everywhere.

"The blue sky, and his feathers Flashed o'er by golden light, Oh, all my heart with rapture thrilled, It was so sweet a sight!"

The mere fact this signal came to light, from outside anyone's control, and affected us as much as it did, demonstrated one thing. Humanity became the thing that kept us up at night. The evil that haunts every dark corner of our minds. Their memory will never rest, and neither will us.

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